

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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PHILADELPHIA. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1874.

Three Dollars a Year,
in Advance.

No. 20.

EROS IS DEAD!
BY R. A. KIRK.
Eros is dead! I saw his lovely eyes,
Lovely and languishing, like stars that fled,
When morning came along the purple skies.
Eros is dead!
Eros is dead! I saw his rose-lips parted,
And the last sigh, exhaled like perfume shed,
And troops of virgins, wailing, broken-hearted,
"Eros is dead!"
Eros is dead! From Earth's most murky cave,
Came forth dark Mammon with unholy tread,
I heard him shout, exulting o'er the grave,
"Eros is dead!"
Eros is dead! young Eros the divine,
Forsaking ours, to purer worlds had fled,
Twine ye the cypress, weeping virgins, twine,
"Eros is dead!"

PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

OR,

The Lone Star of Texas.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF GLENDALE,"
"JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT," ETC.

(This serial was commenced in No. 17, Vol. 54.
Black numbers can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.)

CHAPTER IX.

A WOUNDED CHIEF.

It was a fatal situation in which we left Miss Amberly and her maid. Captain Wilson's flight to her rescue had been rudely interrupted by a fierce blow on the head from one of the Indians. Only that the weapon glanced, his earthly career would have been ended.

As it was he fell prostrate, and lay for awhile stunned. It was a passing blow with the savage, who was in full pursuit of the scouts, and fortunately did not stop to complete his work.

For a few minutes they were deserted, all the savages having disappeared in the pursuit. Laura had sunk in a crouching position on the ground, her screams having subsided into sobs.

Miss Amberly still stood erect, but her face was pale and stony in its expression; she swayed as if she would fall. The horror of her situation was telling fearfully upon her.

A slight cry escaped her lips when she saw her only remaining defender fall. She broke from her lethargy, rushed to where he lay prostrate, and examined the wound upon his head with feverish haste.

There was no cut there, only an abrasion where the glancing weapon had struck. She hastened to the river side, wet her handkerchief, and pressed it upon the wound.

The coolness relieved him. He opened his eyes the next minute, and looked up gratefully into her face. His senses rapidly returned.

An uproar of voices beyond the ridge betokened the return of their captors. Miss Amberly, though terrified for herself, seated herself beside her patient, stretching her arm across him as if for defence.

She had heard the report of a rifle, and dreaded to see the gory scalps of her friends in the hands of some of the savages. But their cries seemed rather those of rage and disappointment than those of triumph, and she began to hope that those scouts had escaped.

A minute more and the Indians had crossed the ridge, and were gathered round their helpless captives, their faces full of anger.

Two of them partly supported the gigantic savage whose arm had been broken by Jack Grey's rifle ball.

He was a handsome fellow, his muscular frame being splendidly proportioned, his every movement full of unconscious grace. His features had all the manly beauty of which the Indian type is capable, and wore a commanding expression, which showed that he was high in station among the savages.

His wound had bled profusely, yet he suppressed every sign of pain and weakness, and walked erect, with a fixed, grave expression of countenance, in strong contrast to the savage look with which he had thrown his hatchet at the scouts.

What brutal action the savages might have taken in their rage was prevented by other emotions. The strength of the wounded man seemed to suddenly leave him. He tottered and would have fallen but for the ready hands of his supporters.

The others gathered around him, concern strongly displayed upon their faces. For the moment their captives were forgotten.

Seating him gently on a knoll, the most skilful of the savages proceeded to dress his wound. It had already been rudely bandaged, but the dressing had slipped, and blood was gushing out in profusion from a cut artery.

Their somewhat rough handling brought no sound of pain to his lips, no sign of shrinking to his features. A deep pallor, however, showed the suffering he was suppressing.

A soft voice behind them spoke in accents more musical than many of the Indians had ever heard.



"The dove is stronger than the buffalo," said the chief. "Dove Finger been good to her enemy. No no forget."

"Let me put the bandage on his arm. You are hurting him."

The captives had stood looking intently upon the scene before them, and the kind heart of Nellie Amberly had softened at the evident marks of pain on the features of the chief.

Most of the Indians failed to understand her words, but the tone was significant to all, and they made way for her with softened looks, as she pressed forward.

The young lady was not altogether disinterested in this proffer of her services. Her pity was accompanied by the thought that such a display of interest might soften their obdurate hearts.

The rough surgeon had already succeeded in staunching the flow of blood, and yielded the wounded limb to her with curious eyes, her every movement being keenly watched.

"She was a soldier's daughter, and not unaccustomed to hospital duty. Her experience in this line soon enabled her to determine that no bone had been broken, that the wound was a flesh one, and that the weakness of the savage proceeded only from loss of blood.

The huge invalid looked down with wondering glances upon his unlooked-for nurse. All the fierceness was gone from his eyes, and a grateful look took its place, as her soft fingers drew the bandages round his arm, so gently as to give him no pain.

She had called Captain Wilson to her aid in this labor, declining the proffered help of the savages. The officer was not without surgical skill, and gave her important assistance in her self-imposed duty. He had caught the altered look of the other Indians stretched themselves out so as to surround the captives with a cordon of savage keepers. No other precaution was taken, no sentinels stationed, and they all yielded to slumber as if perfectly secure of the detention of their prisoners.

Laure was still crouched upon the ground, near a fire which one of the natives had kindled. She had lacked the courage and resolution to come to the assistance of her mistress. Her expressions of terror had ceased, but her face still had a scared look.

Captain Wilson had flung himself on the ground at a little distance, apparently desirous to avoid any too close attention of the Indians.

No show of binding any of the captives was made, but one or two of the older warriors kept their eyes closely upon them, noting their every movement.

The fire had been kindled in a slight depression of the ground, with a screen of bushes between it and the river side.

It was plain that the Indians did not care to make themselves a target to the two sharpshooters in the boat, who might venture near them under cover of the darkness.

The temporary illumination from the moon ended as the clouds again swept over its shining disk, and only the fitful, wavering glare of the firelight remained.

Its momentary flashes gave fear-inspiring significance to the dark faces surrounding. Its failing light left a gloom more terrible still. Miss Amberly felt herself shuddering with fear, despite her good nature.

There was a gleam of anger in his eyes as he spoke these last words.

"My friend," she faltered.

"Yes. Great warrior. Run like lightning. Jump in water. Two. One gray-beard, one boy. What name?"

"You cannot know them," she replied. "The young man is named Philip Sawyer, the older one is John Gray. They are hunters and guides. They were taking us to Nacogdoches."

A murmur from the surrounding Indians showed that the names were not unfamiliar to them. The name "Eagle Eye" was spoken in a low tone by one of the Indians.

"Eagle Eye" she repeated, in wondering accents.

"John Gray you call him," replied the chief, with some difficulty in pronouncing the name. "He good rifle. Fight much with Mexicans. Cherokee call him Eagle Eye."

A sound of approbation broke from the lips of the surrounding Indians at this remark of their chief.

It was evident that the scout was well known to them, and that his skill in

the use of the rifle had won their savage praise.

The lady drew somewhat back from her huge patient. The looks of admiration which he cast upon her were not reassuring. Had she escaped from one danger to fall into a worse one?

The chief was not long in following the example of his captives. He had borne up against the weakness caused by loss of blood and the pain of his wound with true savage stoicism, too proud to allow any weakness to manifest itself before his prisoners.

He now stretched himself on a couch similar to that prepared for the females, his wounded arm being carefully arranged across his body, and a blanket thrown over his half-naked form.

The other Indians stretched themselves out so as to surround the captives with a cordon of savage keepers. No other precaution was taken, no sentinels stationed, and they all yielded to slumber as if perfectly secure of the detention of their prisoners.

The quick eyes of the lady, however, had noted that the number of the savages had diminished. They were several less in number than they had been ten minutes before. Probably keen eyes were on the lookout for the escaped scouts.

They might be engaged, too, in attending to their wounded, of whom there were several on the island.

The excitement, and the strangeness of her situation, kept sleep long from Nellie Amberly's eyes. At length overcame her, and she yielded to the slumber which seemed to have locked the senses of all around her.

CHAPTER X.

A MORNING MEAL.

The next morning dawned bright and warm. The rising sun soon dispelled the chill of the autumn night, and shot its slant rays brilliantly across thick and stream. Nothing had happened during the remainder of the night. If the scouts had loitered about the island with the hope of rescuing their friends, they had been deterred by some evidence of vigilance in the savages.

At all events, nothing had occurred, and no alarm been given, and the rays of the rising sun showed no trace of the boat upon the river.

The scouts had evidently considered "prudence the better part of valor," and had removed themselves from a dangerous neighborhood.

The captives had not slept very soundly. Despite their weariness they had been made restless by their unpleasant situation, and their slumbers were broken and unrefreshing.

The morning light revealed this situation to them in all its horrors. The dozen of painted and brutal-looking savages who were lounging around the remnant of the fire, or engaged in various occupations, their fierce eyes turned in doubtful glances upon the captives, aroused very natural fears in the breasts of the latter.

The lines of the war-paint rendered their ill-favored countenances horrible in their dark significance, and it seemed to Miss Amberly that a party of demons rather than of men were moving about herself and her terror-stricken maid.

Captain Wilson had risen and was bathing his face, and washing the slight wound upon his head.

The chief had also risen. The soft

sunrise, indeed, to ask the savages to release all their prisoners, but her remaining in their hands would not ameliorate the condition of the others, and if released herself she might send assistance to them.

"They have no father in prison," she said.

"What can Dove Finger do for father?" asked the chief.

"I can save him from his enemies, who may murder him if I am kept a prisoner. Oh, chief!" she cried, in a deeply pleading voice, "release me, send me to my father, if only for two days! I will return to you and become your prisoner again."

"When Cherokee catch bird he no let it go," said the cunning Indian. "When bird gets its wings spread, it forget. Pale face lady think too much what she can do. Soldiers no mind woman's voice."

"I have documents, papers. Will you send them to my father?"

"Send Indian warrior? They shoot. Colonel get papers. Burn them. No help your father."

It was evident that the chief knew the character of Major Amberly's trouble.

"Dove Finger no eat?" continued the chief.

"See, Indian got breakfast ready."

She turned away, sick at heart, from the food which some of the warriors had been preparing.

"I will appeal to Colonel Bowles," she said, indignantly; "or to Lone Star, the great war chief of the Cherokees. They are great warriors, and do not war upon women. They will release me."

The Indian smiled as he heard her words. The threat seemed to amuse him.

"No king among Cherokees," he said. "All warriors alike. Dove Finger my prisoner. Must keep my good medicine. She no eat? Long walk. Will want food."

The Indians had already fallen to their breakfast, with good appetites. The appetizing smell of venison had proved too much also for Captain Wilson and Laura. They were partaking of the viands which their captors had offered them.

"You weak," said the chief. "Want food. No use starve."

He brought a portion of the food to where she sat, on a platter of smooth bark, and placed it before her.

"Dove Finger eat," he said, with a slight menance in his voice. "No use starve."

He returned to the circle of Indians, and commenced himself to eat, with a ravenous appetite, which seemed likely to soon restore his lost strength.

Miss Amberly acknowledged to herself the reason of his words, and with some difficulty managed to eat a portion of the food. In her present state of mind it was very distasteful to her.

The sun had now risen to some height.

Two of the warriors had left the circle an hour before in obedience to a command from the chief in his own language.

They were now seen returning, with two canoes, which they had somewhere procured.

They had, in fact, been brought down the river from some place above during the night.

Several journeys were necessary to transport the whole party across the stream in these slight canoes, and an hour had elapsed ere they were all gathered on the western bank of the river.

The captives were now again placed in the canoes, which were paddled up the Nina by two of the warriors, the others walking in sight through the woods.

Some two miles were made in this way, when they were again landed, the boats taken back down stream by several of the savages, while the others began an overland passage towards the Indian camp.

CHAPTER XI.

COLONEL BOWLES.

It was a long and wearisome walk which the captives were now forced to take. Fortunately for them, the chief was too weak to proceed very rapidly, and they were, in consequence, obliged to walk rather slowly.

Their route lay northward through the woods that bordered Nina creek, extending back a mile from its banks. Beyond this commenced an open prairie, extending several miles to the north.

It was now in all its springtime beauty, and seemed rather a tropical flower garden than a spot planted only by nature. It had not, it is true, the brilliant aspect of the Texan prairies in autumn, when the whole broad sweep seems one unending field of bloom. But the separate flowers were far more beautiful and varied than in the later season, and Nellie Amberly's strong love of nature overcame, in a measure, the deep sadness that was upon her.

Laura walked beside her with a free step, and a more cheerful countenance than she had hitherto worn. It was a terrible thing, to be sure, to be prisoner to the Indians, but she had not been scalped, her hands were not tied, and hope began to spring again in her disconsolate heart.

Captain Wilson was given no opportunity to communicate with his fellow-

prisoners. He was kept at the end of the long file in which the Indians crossed the prairie. His hands were free, but before and behind him walked a savage guard, with their keen tomahawks ready to their hands.

The soldier, however, was well aware that enough was just being done, and he walked steadily on, but as he had accepted the situation, was no show of dread or depression of spirit on his face. His savage captors might have been his special friends, for all that appeared on the surface.

The camp lay two miles to the north of where they had left the creek. It was placed on the edge of the forest that bordered a narrow prairie, which here swept with a long, low wall of sand. The open prairie lay in front, the stream ran to the rear, the savages having thus on two sides natural defences against ourprise or sudden attack.

It was not their usual custom to establish a fixed camp in their raids, but their villages lay far to the north, the war party who had ventured so far south was spread in small detachments over the country to the southward, plundering, burning and scalping. Colonel Bowles, their leader, had been shrewd enough to perceive the utility of having a central place of rendezvous for the temporary reception of prisoners and plunder, and whether they might gather for defense in case of a strong attack by the whites.

About twenty savages were grouped about the camp, the others being all out on raiding expeditions. Several bark wigwams had been hastily erected, and other indications of an extended occupation of this place were visible.

A number of prisoners occupied the center of the camp, their sad, dejected looks showing the hopelessness with which they viewed their captivity.

Their savage guards walked about as if heedless of their presence; yet not a movement escaped the keen glances of these vigilant sentinels, and frowning looks admonished them against using too far their apparent liberty.

The party of new comers was greeted with shouts of welcome and triumph, as the number and appearance of their prisoners were observed.

These shouts were succeeded by cries of rage on beholding the wounded condition of the chief, and the great weakness with which he entered the camp, after his wearisome walk.

Scowling looks greeted the prisoners, and more than one hand was extended with a hostile movement.

The chief observed this, and turned with a frowning face, speaking a few words in the Cherokee tongue. The others instantly fell back, leaving free passage to the captives.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMEN'S AGE.

Assuredly no question possesses more anxious interest to all unmarried women than the momentous one of when they lose the power to charm. And it is beyond doubt that a dread of the advancing years is much more rooted in the minds of the gentler than of the sterner sex, oppressing them, indeed, often at an absurdly early age. Only the other day we heard a blooming maiden lamenting the approach of her seventeenth birthday, saying, with a melancholy shake of her pretty head, "I am growing so horridly old!"

In contrast to this was the remark of a gentleman, who, on being asked his age, replied frankly, "I am twenty-seven; not that it matters much, for it has always seemed to me that a man's age was one of the least consequence between twenty-five and forty. I should not like to be less than twenty, nor more than forty, between these periods; I am indifferent to the progress of time."

Despite all that has been said and sung of the loveliness of immaturity, we doubt if any woman of real attractions ever comes into the full glories of her kingdom until she has nearly reached that very age which seems to school girls the *utmost* shade of youth.

History is full of the accounts of the fascinations of women who were no longer young. Thus Helen of Troy was over forty when she perpetuated the most famous element on record, and as the siege of Troy lasted a decade she could not have been very juvenile when the ill fortune of Paris restored her to her husband, who is reported to have received her with unquestioning love and gratitude.

Cleopatra was past thirty when Antony fell under her spell, which never lessened until her death, nearly ten years after, and Livia was thirty three when she won the heart of Augustus, over whom she maintained her ascendancy to the last. Turning to more modern history, where it is possible to verify dates more accurately, we have the extraordinary Diane de Poitiers, who was thirty-six when Henry II (then Duke of Orleans and just half her age) became attached to her, and she was held as the first lady and most beautiful woman at court, up to the period of the monarch's death, and of the accession to power of Catherine de Medici.

Anne of Austria was thirty-eight when she was described as the handsomest queen of Europe, and when Buckingham and Richelieu were her jealous admirers. Ninon de l'Enclos, the most celebrated wit and beauty of her day, was the idol of three generations of the *golden youth* of France, and she was seventy-two when the Abbé de Bernis fell in love with her. Louis XIV. wedded Mme. de Maintenon when she was forty-three years of age. Catherine II. of Russia was thirty-three when she seized the Empire of Russia and captivated the dashing young General Orloff. Up to the time of her death (at sixty-seven) she seems to have retained the same bewitching powers, for the lamentations were heart-felt among all those who had ever known her personally.

Mme. Mars, the celebrated French tragedienne, only attained the zenith of her beauty and power between forty and forty-five. At that period the loveliness of her hands and arms especially were celebrated throughout Europe. The famous Mme. Recamier was thirty-eight when Barres was ousted from power, and she was, without dispute, declared to be the most beautiful woman in Europe, which rank she held for fifteen years.

This list might be still further swelled, but we think we have given enough to prove that a woman need not lose her attractions though youth be gone, and, above all, that if her mind be cultured, and her heart kindly, she shall have a power of never fading fascination.

More epitaphs are written to show the wit or genius of the living than to perpetuate the virtues of the dead.

FAR APART.

BY J. C. HENDERSON.

Through the ancient old bridge you bear
The old world's weight as they pass;

And, winding to the sun, you never stop
To rest, nor for the world's sake stop the gait.

Where we were born to walk alone!

The river winds like a old
Beneath the shade of the old trees;

The old world's weight as they pass;

And, winding to the sun, you never stop
To rest, nor for the world's sake stop the gait.

Our joys speak no name, now doors aching;

Pass by and for the summer call;

Soon do the birds lose heart to sing;

When fading leaves in autumn fall;

And winter is the end of all.

JENNIE'S EXPERIMENT.

BY S. V. B.

"Tell me who is here this summer?" Fred Dayton lighted a fresh cigar as he spoke.

"My companion replied:

"My wife has a pretty cousin with her this year. An heiress, too, Fred."

"What's the figure?"

"Fifty thousand dollars, from a grandfather, in her own right, and probably as much more when her bachelor uncle leaves this world."

"Is there any chance?"

"She is fancy free as yet, I believe.

But, after all, you have no occasion to look out for an heiress with your fortune."

"Bliss your innocence, Tom! I could easily dispose of fifty thousand more, if it only bought finery for the future Mrs. Dayton."

Leaning from an upper window, but concealed by a thick running vine, a lady caught the words of this conversation.

"Upon my word," she soliloquized. "So his friend will try to win my money, will he? The impudent puppy! I'll make him pay for this, or my name is not Jennie Willett."

There was a spic of coquetry in the heart of the pretty heiress, and she firmly resolved that if the suitor for her money had a heart, she would add the sting of her refusal of his offer by wounding that organ, if possible.

So when Mr. Fred Dayton was presented by pretty Mrs. Hogan to her cousin, he found himself greeted with a graceful cordiality that was flattering as well as delightful.

It was on the programme for the pleasure of that sunny June day, that a party was to wander in shady woods for a half a mile, and thence to enjoy a picnic luncheon.

So, as the walkers marshaled for their procession, it fell out that Miss Jennie Willett found by her side Mr. Fred Dayton.

He was in the net Miss Jennie was spreading for him before the spot selected was reached.

And the lady?

Commencing her flirtation with her heart full of pique, and a desire for revenge, she would not admit to herself what had made her morning so pleasant.

She told herself it was mere gratification that her plans were working so sweetly, and the prospect was so far off that her to make Mr. Dayton smart for his insolence.

Yet—and she stifled a sigh at the thought—it was a pity this delightful deference, this effort to please, was all assumed to gain her money.

She recalled words that proved her new suitor no mere puppy, but a man who had read much and thought deeply.

The summer days passed swiftly, and meaning smiles hovered over the faces of the others when Mr. Dayton and Miss Willett were mentioned or were noted in each other's company, for the flirtation was carried on briskly.

It was only duration, to punish him for his insolence, Jennie sternly told her heart, when she caught herself musing over his words; sighing, too, sometimes, as she thought the pleasant summer was drawing to a close, and she must soon dismiss her cavalier from her side for ever.

For—and her cheeks burned then—it was to her money all this winsome court was paid, and the smiles, the deference, the attentions were all for the sake of handing her grandfather's legacy.

And while the heiress sighed and moaned, the wosser was blessing the lucky hour that brought him to N—— for the time.

He had forgotten the foolish speech he had made about the heiress, and had given his heart to the woman; and he thought how proud a man might be of her beauty and taste when the voice of society praised his wife.

The day came when the full heart found vent in speech, and, as the young couple walked in a shady, lonely lane, Fred's words, warm and tender, spoke the true and sincere passion in his heart.

It was some moments before the answere came.

Jennie had to battle with a desire to put her little hand in his, and give him back love for love.

She had to school her face and steady her voice before she could answer.

"Mr. Dayton, my answer to you must be to recall to your memory your conversation with Mr. Hogan on the porch the evening of your arrival. Every word of it was distinctly audible in my room."

"Then you have been playing with me?" he cried, fiercely.

"I have been endeavoring to prove to you that my money had a human appendage."

It was well for her composure then that he turned abruptly from her, and strode rapidly homewards, leaving her to turn into a narrow by-path in the woods, and sob out all her pain in solitude.

For she remained now, in bitter humiliation, that whatever Fred Dayton had sought in her wooring, he had won her heart.

As the tears chased one another down her cheeks, one of the unerring instincts of true love came into her heart, and she felt deeply and keenly that the love she had insulted and rejected was not the false suit of a fortune-hunter, but the true heart seeking which is the only sure guarantee for wedded happiness.

She crept slowly home at last, hiding her red, swollen eyes under her veil, and went to her own room.

Upon her dressing-table lay a letter, and as she read it, there came into her eyes a quick, luminous idea.

"I'll try it," she said. "My eyes are in splendid condition. I'll try it."

She took her open letter in her hand, and went merrily into the room where dinner was in progress of demolition.

As she appeared, Fannie cried—

"Jennie, what is the matter?" You

look as if you had been crying your eyes out."

"The S—— Bank is broke!"

"By Jove!" cried Tom, "all your money was in that."

Jennie hid her face on Fannie's shoulder, and sobbed.

"Never mind, Jennie. Come to my room, darling," said Tom.

And Jennie suffered herself to be led away.

"Fred Dayton wants to see you, Jennie," said Tom, "in the parlor."

She left the room gravely.

She found Dayton waiting in the parlor, marching up and down with true masculine impatience.

Before she went in, she looked a moment at the tall, graceful figure so buoyant with animation, at the handsome face radiant now with impatient hope, and in her heart there was a glad little song, with her heart.

"He loves me! he loves me!"

All the gladness was banished from her step and voice, however, as she slowly advanced to meet her lover.

He could wait for no formality of greeting.

Abruptly, earnestly, with his whole soul in his voice and eyes, he said:

"My wife has a pretty cousin with her this year. An heiress, too, Fred."

"What's the figure?"

"Fifty thousand dollars, from a grandfather, in her own right, and probably as much more when her bachelor uncle leaves this world."

"Is there any chance?"

"She is fancy free as yet, I believe.

But, after all, you have no occasion to look out for an heiress with your fortune."

"Bliss your innocence, Tom! I could easily dispose of fifty thousand more, if it only bought finery for the future Mrs. Dayton."

"Tell me who is here this summer?" Fred Dayton lighted a fresh cigar as he spoke.

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"Tell me who is here this summer?" Fred Dayton lighted

had kept back a couple of shillings, and that was all.

Joe seized them eagerly, and his manner mended again. He even attempted a joke.

"It will be all the same a few days hence," he said. "Husband and wife share and share alike."

"Of course. But how about the passage money, Joe, if you are cleared out?"

"Oh, I shall manage that," he answered, irritably. "You attend to your own business."

Mary suspected that he had some scheme of robbery in his head, but she was careful not to question him further. She answered, in her meekest voice:

"I didn't mean to interfere, Joe; it was just curiosity made me ask."

"Then smother your curiosity for the future," he said, roughly. "I hate a prying woman."

She filled his plate, and passed it to him.

"You're a good cook," he remarked, as he put his knife into the por; and again his humor improved.

But he was irritable and uncertain, and Mary knew that the difficulties of her task were almost insurmountable—but not quite, heaven be praised.

Joe drank the ale, but he did not praise that.

Deceived by the mellow flavor, he declared that it was too weak.

"Yes," said Mary, softly; "it's poor stuff. But I thought you'd enjoy the spirits more if you didn't have your beer too strong."

"I forgot about the spirits. What is there?"

"A pint of gin."

"That will do. And there's the kettle boiling, if I don't declare!"

"I thought, perhaps, the night being cold, you'd take something hot to comfort you."

"And lump sugar!" continued Joe, his eye wandering round the table, and the semblance of a smile curling his broad, sullen lips. "Why, I do declare, Mary, you've got something like a head!"

"I shouldn't have done much for myself without."

Joe enjoyed his supper greatly; and Mary, with a secret joy that showed on her face, saw that the ale was beginning to take effect. He got almost good-humored under its influence.

"You'll be ready to sail on the 15th?"

"No fear about that."

"And what are you going to do with the brats?"

"Jim's mother will take them."

"And keep 'em?"

"So she says. If not, they can go into the workhouse." "Of course, and the best place for 'em. They'll be brought up religious there," added Joe, with a leer he meant to be facetious.

"I expect you've got a pretty tidy stock of clothes?" inquired Joe, anxiously.

"Heaps. I was always in good service before I married, and so I collected a store of things of one sort and another."

"That was right; there's nothing like being savin'."

Mary began to mix Joe a glass of spirits, and, moreover, to make it strong. He took a little sip, and then he looked reflectively into the fire.

"Have you forgotten, Mary, that Master Herbert and Nat will be hung to-morrow?"

"No," she said. "Had you, then?"

"I could'nt very well. They was full of it at the Red Lion just now."

"Oh, indeed! What did they say?"

"Why, they said it was all as clear as noonday, that them two committed the murder."

Joe took a sip at the spirits, and looked at her oddly.

"What do you say?"

Her knowledge of his obstinate nature dictated her next answer, which was the best she could have given.

"I say they did, too."

"Then you lie!" replied he, fiercely.

The liquor was mounting into his head, and he was just in that state when the senses are all at their keenest—just before they give way utterly.

"Who else could?"

"Ah! you don't suppose I am going to tell you everything, do you?"

Mary's voice trembled so much with the intensity of her eagerness, that she had to wait a while before she could answer.

"I don't see why you shouldn't, you know. It doesn't signify a straw to me who killed my husband, or who didn't. He was a terrible brute to me, though I never said anything about it, and I'm more than thankful to the man that rid me of him."

"You are just deceivin', now, Mary Flax."

"That never was my way; besides, you must have been pretty blind if you couldn't see I wanted you all along."

"Then, why didn't you have me?"

"Well, you see, Jim wanted me so bad himself, that he made mischief between us."

"I wish I had known that."

"Anything you'd given him would have served him right, that's all I can say."

"I'll tell you a secret some of these days, after we're married and settled down comfortable."

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"But, of course, I took it for a joke. Anyhow, they'll hang for it, all right, to-morrow; only I should like to know."

"What for?" he asked, turning upon her with sudden suspicion.

"Well—and she took up his glass and sipped the steaming liquor daintily—"because, whoever did it, I should like better than ever I liked any one before. For him I'd work my fingers to the bone; for him I'd starve and pinch myself, and leave children, and home, and everything, just out of thankfulness, even if I didn't love him before. I can't think of anything that would be too good for the man that got me out of that scrape."

"I wonder if you are speaking the truth?"

"You wouldn't wonder, if you knew all."

"What is there to learn, then?"

"Well, she answered, laughing, "you've got your secrets, it seems, and so I don't see why I shouldn't have mine. Look here!" she added, edging close to him: "you won't tell, will you?"

"No; I won't tell."

"When I found out what he'd done about you, I tried to poison him."

"Never!"

"I did. It made me so mad. There was I wondering what made you give me up, and all the while it was his doing. It was enough to upset anybody."

"Did he find you out?"

"Of course he did! It was in some medicine I gave him the poison, because I fancied the taste wouldn't frighten him; but, as luck would have it, he found out there was arsenic there at once, and took the bottle over to his mother's. There, says he, 'I should die suddenly, or be ill or anything, you just take that bottle to the chemists, will you, mother, and ask him if there isn't arsenic in it, and tell him my wife gave me it, so that it may be known what's happened. If Mary thinks she's going to get me out of the way so easy as all that, she's very much mistaken.'

"Then smother your curiosity for the future," he said, roughly. "I hate a prying woman."

She filled his plate, and passed it to him.

"You're a good cook," he remarked, as he put his knife into the por; and again his humor improved.

But he was irritable and uncertain, and Mary knew that the difficulties of her task were almost insurmountable—but not quite, heaven be praised.

Joe drank the ale, but he did not praise that.

Deceived by the mellow flavor, he declared that it was too weak.

"Yes," said Mary, softly; "it's poor stuff. But I thought you'd enjoy the spirits more if you didn't have your beer too strong."

"What is there?"

"A pint of gin."

"That will do. And there's the kettle boiling, if I don't declare!"

"I thought, perhaps, the night being cold, you'd take something hot to comfort you."

"And lump sugar!" continued Joe, his eye wandering round the table, and the semblance of a smile curling his broad, sullen lips. "Why, I do declare, Mary, you've got something like a head!"

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"When I found out what he'd done about you, I tried to poison him."

She looked around her with a dim glow of inquiry that hardly saw what it looked upon. Suddenly her eyes filled with a new expression of hope, keener than any they had worn yet. On the opposite side of the hedge, grazing quietly, was a carriage horse of old Mr. Lowe's, which had once been noted for its speed. It had been turned out sometime now, and ought to be as fresh as a colt; only, how to guide it? But, presently, Mary found that it had a halter on, and breathed a sudden exclamation of relief and joy, as she cut a stick from the hedge, and drawing old Brownie near the gate, so that she might be able to mount, sprang on his back, and astonished him so exceedingly by her decision of manner that he forgot to remonstrate.

Over hill and dale, never slackening speed, never looking back once, this brave woman went. Some who met her, with her hair flying in the wind, riding like a man, but with more than a man's courage, thought her mad. But what cared she? When they shouted at her, she turned her white, resolute face their way, and they were suddenly silenced. She entered the town as the church bells were tolling mournfully on the still morning air, and the nearest clock was striking eight. She knew that she was too late, and believed that it must all be over, and yet she struck her panting horse with the whip, and dashing through the crowd, that parted, wondering, to let her pass, found herself in front of the jail.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR GRANDMOTHER'S THIEF.

BY H. T.

I am a very old lady. I have very often told my grandchildren the story of how I stopped the thief. And now they were to write it down, that they may read my story to themselves. When I am dead, I will tell them the whole truth.

I must describe our house. The front door opened into a passage that ended by another door which led into our farm-yard. There were two tall, narrow windows, one on either side of the principal door, and five tall, narrow windows on the first story. A heavy cornice hung over this row of windows, and from it rose the steep roof. This roof did not rise to a point. It was surmounted by a kind of summer house of wood, about seven or eight feet square, with a window in each of its four sides. This little chamber, which we called our lighthouse, was itself surmounted by a big shining vase. The interior of the lighthouse was reached through a small trap-door. This trap-door was in the ceiling of the great garret formed by the whole roof of the house. The garret could only be entered by one other trap-door, which opened into my father's room. There was just enough room for me to turn round in. A heavy cornice hung over this row of windows, and from it rose the steep roof. This roof did not rise to a point

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[December 12, 1874.]



Robert Jarvis C. Walker,
Editor and Proprietor.

Saturday Evening, Dec. 12, 1874.

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FAIRIES' COLUMN.—

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.
We have much pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the appearance of

ANOTHER NEW SERIAL
in our

NEXT WEEK'S NUMBER.

entitled

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING,

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

The numerous characters that are introduced in this story, and the remarkable episodes in the heroine's life, cannot fail to delight and interest our numerous readers.

MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

By MAURICE F. KOAN.

Lafayette lived six years beyond the three score and ten allotted to man; but if the length of his life were counted by great events rather than by years, we might well say that he lived longer than the oldest patriarch of the ancient time.

He was born on the 17th of September, 1757, at the castle of Chavaniac, in Auvergne, France. His family was of the nobility, and the names bestowed on this tiny scion of a noble race were formidable indeed, being Marie Paul Joseph Roch Yves Gilbert de Motier. In after life he neither signed nor used the long array. By the death of his father, at the battle of Minden, he became Marquis de Lafayette. His mother died when he was eleven years old, and the orphan Marquis was sent by his relatives to school at Paris, and from thence to the Academy at Versailles.

At the age of sixteen he married his cousin, Françoise Adrienne de Noailles Oder and widow, heads doublets shock in direful race over this very early marriage, but it turned out happily for all that. The wife of Lafayette was more than worthy of her illustrious husband. He knew her true value, and loved her devotedly. Dying, he requested to be laid beside her in the Cemetery of Père-Lachaise.

He was only nineteen when he entered the French army. The glittering frivolity of court life failed to please him. Young as he was he did not lack thoughtfulness and keen insight into character. He had read and dreamed of freedom, and when he heard of the Revolutionary struggle in America his soul was fired with enthusiasm.

He heard of the revolt of the American patriots, from British lips, too—those of King George's brother, the Duke of Gloucester, at a dinner given at Metz. To the young and ardent Frenchman it seemed that the Americans had right on their side; he longed earnestly to assist them in their struggle against tyranny.

At this time—just after the disastrous campaign of 1776—the future of America as a free country, looked very dark. People in Europe confidently expected that with another blow the mother country would crush the hopes of her colonies. Silas Deane, one of the three American commissioners, was making efforts to procure a vessel. Some French volunteers were ready to embark, but for these officers, as well as for the guns he had purchased, Mr. Deane was unable to secure means of transportation. When Lafayette offered his services, the commissioner frankly explained the difficulty.

"I will provide a ship," said the undismayed Marquis; "we must feel confidence in the future, and it is especially in the hour of danger that I wish to share your fortune."

"And it is a literal fact," said Mr. Everett, in the Phi Kappa oration at Cambridge, "that when our beloved country was too poor to offer him so much as a passage to her shores, he left, in his tender youth, the bosom of home, of happiness, of wealth, and of rank, to plunge into the dust and blood of our unpromising struggle."

The French government, discovering that Lafayette was fitting out a ship, ordered him to remain in France. He remonstrated with the ministers by letter, and receiving no answer, stole towards Marseilles, disguised as a courier. Luckily, he escaped discovery, and reaching the vessel, set sail for the field of war, on the 26th of April, 1777.

Sickness was disagreeable and prostrating in those stirring times of long ago, around which history and romance have cast a heroic glamor, as in our present century, and Lafayette fell a victim to that "monster of the deep," but when the fit had passed, he applied himself to the study of English and the art of war. In June he landed at Georgetown, South Carolina. He was hospitably received into the house of Major

Hunger. He was delighted with the country and the people, especially the beauty and simplicity of the American ladies, but he exorcised the mosquitos. Congress was in no hurry to accept the proffered services of Lafayette, for at this time General Washington was beset by foreign officers, eager to serve the cause of freedom for the greatest honor and the highest pay. Lafayette was not one of these.

"After the sacrifices I have made," he wrote to a member of Congress, "I have a right to exact two favors; one is, to serve at my own expense; the other, to serve as a volunteer."

This declaration pleased Congress. Lafayette was appointed Major-General. The Continental army was stationed near Philadelphia when the youthful Major General first saw it. This is his description of it: "About eleven thousand men, ill-armed, and still worse clothed, presented a strange spectacle; their clothes were parti-colored, and many of them were almost naked; the best clad wore hunting shirts—large, gray linen coats, which were much used in Carolina."

At the battle of Brandywine—Lafayette's first battle—he distinguished himself by his bravery. He was wounded, and narrowly escaped capture by the enemy. His first campaign ended drearily, almost hopelessly, amid the miseries of the camp at Valley Forge.

Lafayette proved not unworthy of the esteem and confidence of General Washington.

"Our General," said Lafayette, giving expression to a truth which time makes more and more apparent, "is a man found for this revolution, which could not have been accomplished without him."

Even before the great chieftain had taken up the burden of "those cares of state he little loved," angry faction was busy with his name and reputation. Several discontented Congressmen and officers strove to injure him, and, banding together, formed the "Conway Cabal." These malcontents endeavored to gain the brilliant and popular Lafayette over to their party. They even offered him an independent command at Albany. At a dinner at General Gates', when Washington's name had not been mentioned among the toasts, he remarked that there was a toast they had forgotten and he supplied the omission by drinking the health of the commander-in-chief. The clique drank the toast reluctantly, but its members understood that Lafayette would not swerve from his loyalty to the chief.

Shortly after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, Lafayette departed for France. The Peace of Paris, which formally put an end to the war, was signed in the beginning of the year 1783. Lafayette was the first to inform Congress of this devoutly wished-for consummation.

Liberty was the passion of Lafayette's life. He bought a plantation at Cayenne, in French Guiana, and sent out a superintendent to teach the slaves and gradually prepare them for freedom.

In 1787, France was reduced to a pitiable state. Oppression, crime, anarchy, and irreligion were seething together, and preparing to deluge the nation with a burning, lava-like flood. Fresh from the purified air of the American Union, Lafayette saw the wrong on both sides. He placed himself as a barrier between the king and the people. While commander of the National Guard, he ordered the demolition of the Bastille. It was not easy to keep order in Paris during the restless days that preceded the grand and bloody outbreak of the Revolution, but Lafayette's voice alone could control the mob. Had there been more like him in France, the guillotine would have found less work to do, and the number of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette been avenged. One cannot help thinking that his calmness in danger and his power of control over himself, as well as others, must have been learned from that friend whom he respected and loved her devotedly. Dying, he requested to be laid beside her in the Cemetery of Père-Lachaise.

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The best would not have happened, if the worst had not come," said the old Scotchwoman.

"They that labor for the dead, labor in vain," said an old washerwoman, as a little wreath was being twined for the coffin of a dead child.

And no author, gifted or learned, ever rivaled this sentiment of the old Irish woman who, having applied to a lady for "a flower or two" to put in the hand of her dead infant, was handed a large bouquet, for which also offered payment, and when it was refused, exclaimed:

"May the Lord Jesus meet you at the gate of Heaven with a crown of roses!"

"Oh, many are the poets that are now."

"By Nature, men endowed with highest gifts."

"The vision and the faculty divine!"

"Yet wanting the accomplishment of verse."

WORDSWORTH.

"ONLY."

By R. D. L. R.

Only a broken vow!

What then?

The days will come and go;

With the sweet, sweet songs of long ago,

Melted the early snow.

Only a ruined hope!

Indeed!

Where tender mommies dwell;

Like mourners, come to a house of woe,

With the sweet, sweet songs of long ago,

Changed for a tolling bell.

Only a hopeless life!

Yet still,

It passes more and more;

How long for these sweet, tender ways,

And those dear, oh, those beautiful days

That cannot come again.

Only a broken heart!

Ah, me!

A broken heart; what then?

Only a broken heart, a full despair.

A wren on the Martin's ocean, where

A ship yet might have been.

MR. RANDALL'S CHRISTMAS DAY.

By A. F. LEMLIE.

Mr. and Mrs. John Randall were a well-matched couple. They had been married ten years, and had never had the least misunderstanding. Each was devoted to the other, and each did everything possible to promote the other's comfort and happiness. They had two children, a boy and a girl, aged respectively eight and five years; and these little ones came in for a large share of the love in which their parents were so rich.

Yes, they were rich in love, but nothing else. Mr. Randall was a book-keeper in one of the principal houses in the city, but the firm he served could not find it to their interest to let him a respectable salary. They kept him on seven hundred dollars a year, well knowing that, if he left them, some one else would be glad to get the place on the same terms. He knew this, too, and clung to his only means of support, scanty as it was, with a tenacity which those who do not experience such feelings cannot understand.

He had a hard struggle to maintain his respectability, but he maintained it bravely and uncomplainingly. He had a true and noble helpmate in his wife. She bore all their trials and cares unflinchingly, and went bravely to work to diminish them. By her rigid and systematic economy she made her husband's salary support them. It barely did this, and left no room for luxuries; but it was due entirely to her management. And, when her husband came home after a hard day's work, she had always a bright, cheerful smile for him, and a warm, loving kiss of welcome, so that he could not be unhappy where she was.

When he would sometimes fall into the blues when he saw the sacrifices she was making daily, and wish with bitter pain that he had it in his power to give her more, she would laugh, and, putting her face up to his, say, tenderly: "Never mind, John; I have you and the children, and I can well afford to dispense with these things."

Then what could John Randall do but love her more, and thank God that he had given him such a dear little wife.

It was getting on towards cold weather, and John Randall was sadly in need of an overcoat; but he could not afford to buy one. With the only spare money he had, he purchased a new dress and a nice, warm cloak for his wife. When she reproached him with not taking a part for himself, he flushed her with a kiss, and told her that he could bear the cold better than she could. But there were bright tears in her eyes as she looked at him.

"It was like you, John," she said; "but I don't see what you will do. The weather is growing cold, and you will need an overcoat."

"I shall use my old one," he said, smiling.

"But it is so much worn that it does not look decent."

"I shall be very comfortable, my dear."

"The coat, it is true, is scarcely a sufficient protection; but the thought that you are comfortable for the winter will make it perfectly weatherproof."

Mrs. Randall was silent, but, as she was by her husband, her brain was busy, trying to devise some means by which he could procure an overcoat. She meant that he should have it, and that by Christmas.

She was a determined little woman, and when she set her mind upon accomplishing anything, she was very likely to succeed.

For a day or so she continued thinking over various plans, none of which gave satisfaction to her. At last she noticed in a daily paper an advertisement, offering employment to a good copyist.

"The very thing," she exclaimed. "I will get a good hand, and write rapidly. I'll apply at once."

She had resolved from the first to say nothing to her husband about her plan, as he was to be present to a surprise.

She set off at once to the place mentioned in the advertisement, full of hope and confidence. She was not successful. The copying had been given to another person. Disappointed, but not disheartened, she applied at several other places, but without success.

Thus a week passed away. Every disappointment only made her more determined. She had fully made up her mind to succeed in the attempt, and she would not be baffled.

At last she made application to Mr. White, a distinguished lawyer in the city. She told him her story frankly and freely, for his kind, gentle manner at once inspired her with confidence. He listened attentively, and his firm face gave soft and sympathetic as he heard her story, which she had refrained from relating to any one else. He offered to advance her the amount she needed, but, though she thanked him, she refused his offer, telling him that she preferred to earn it by degrees. He then gave her a large bundle of papers, and the stationery she needed for her task, and told her she would always find employment in his office when she needed it. She thanked him gratefully.

"Your husband ought to be a happy man," Mrs. Randall, "he said, as she was leaving. "He has a wife whose value it is hard to appreciate."

The little wife blushed, and left the office, with a happy heart.

From that time she applied herself steadily; and often when John, at his desk, imagined her attending to some household affair, she was busy with the work that was to make them both so happy. She found plenty of time to devote to these labors, without trespassing upon her household duties; and the happiness with which she looked forward

to her success made the task seem light.

Mr. White paid her liberally, and seemed to take a real interest in her efforts, so that, in less than two months' time, she not only had a new overcoat, but a new suit of clothes ready for her husband at Christmas, which was only ten or twelve days off.

All this time John was working steadily at his tread-mill life. His old overcoat was shabby and worn, and put his pride to a severe trial; but he bore it cheerfully, feeling happy in the knowledge that his little wife was well provided against the winter. He little dreamt how she was working for him.

At last Christmas morning came. John had worked very late the day before, and had come home worn out; so he slept late on that blessed morning. But the little wife was up betimes. The new clothes, overcoat and all, were carefully placed on the chair by John's bedside, where his old ones had been deposited the night before; and Mrs. Randall sat by, waiting to enjoy her husband's delight when he awoke.

At last John opened his eyes, and seeing the lateness of the hour, sprang up.

The first sight that met his gaze was the contents of the chair, door, or an inquiry as to whether Nancy or John, or James, had been seen in the neighborhood lately. Sometimes the younger people take their turn, but this generally results in a pairing off, to other scenes and other shades,



THE UNTRUTHFUL PRINCESS.

BY F. H.

It would not be polite for the court physician to say that the Crown Princess told horrible falsehoods. So when the King and Queen called him in to see if anything could be done for the Princess, he said:

"Your Majesties, I can tell you what is the matter, but to cure it is beyond my skill. The Princess intends to tell the truth—in fact, she is peculiarly honest and truthful—but she was born with a singular defect in the tongue, so that she always says quite the contrary of what she means. As your Majesties will see, I cannot cure such an imperfection as this. But I will tell your Majesties who can, and that is the great fairy doctor, who lives under the witch hazel."

The King and Queen were very well pleased to hear this, and took the Princess to see the fairy doctor.

"Can you cure her tongue?" they asked, both together.

"Oh yes," returned the doctor, with a smile that somehow made the Princess terribly afraid. "Go home, now, and you will find that she will be cured within a week."

"But, in there is not something to be done?" asked the Queen.

"No; only go home, and you will see."

And, finding them still unwilling to go, the fairy doctor turned his back on them, and refused to speak another word. So they went home.

All the way home the Princess was unusually silent, for she had been badly frightened by this visit to the fairy doctor; but, on getting home, and finding herself very much as usual, she grew bolder, and being asked what she had seen, she answered:

"Seen?—why, wonderful things. We met a party of six white bears, who could talk, and I expect them every moment."

The King and Queen looked at each other; but, before they could make any remarks, six white bears entered the palace, and walked up to the Princess.

"We have come to dinner," said the biggest bear.

But the Princess was so frightened that she could not speak a word.

"We are hungry, too," said one of the other bears; while the rest growled, and looked ready to eat the Princess without salt or pepper.

"Tell them to be seated, and the cook to hasten dinner, or we shall all be eaten," whispered the Queen, trembling, to the Princess.

The Princess did as she was told, and the bears sat down to dinner. But such teeth and claws as they showed!

The courtiers shrank with fear, while the bears made only a mouthful of a dinner for thirty men, and with angry growls demanded more. The cook, who expected to be torn in pieces, hurried for his life, and the Queen even went into the kitchen to help. The Lord High Fiddlestick and all the duchesses and ladies of honor were already there. Roasting, and boiling, and baking, and making biscuit, satin trains in the gravy, and lace flounces in the flour.

You never saw anything like it in your life—till there was nothing more to cook. And still the bears had not eaten enough.

"Oh, what shall we do? When will they go?" cried the Queen, in the kitchen, bursting into tears.

"When the Princess speaks the truth," roared the bears in the dining-room, so loud, that they were heard all over the palace.

"Oh, dear me!" sobbed the Princess; "I will speak the truth, good Mr. Bear. I never saw any bears, and never asked any one dinner. There!"

In an instant the bears had disappeared, and the dinner stood on the table as if nothing had happened.

After this terrible dinner-party, the Princess was so careful of what she said, that the King and Queen really thought that she was cured.

But one day she forgot herself, as they were all talking of the wonderfully small places through which a human being could creep, and, tossing her head, said:

"That is nothing. I can stow myself away in the tea-kettle. I have done it many a time."

There was a shout of laughter; but, the moment that the Princess had said the words, she rose from her seat, and crawled into the spout of the tea-kettle.

The Queen screamed, and lifting up the cover, there, sure enough, was the Princess, tucked away in the kettle.

"Come out," cried the Queen.

"I can't," sobbed the Princess.

"But you crept in."

Then the Princess tried to get out, but it was of no use. Then the courtiers tried to pull her out, but that was of no use.

"At least," said the Princess, "take the kettle from the fire, before the water begins to boil."

Then they tried, but they could not budge it an inch.

The Princess screamed.

"Oh, I shall be boiled! I shall be boiled! Run for the doctor!"

Half a dozen men ran for the fairy doctor.

"Tell her, if she does not wish to be boiled, to speak the truth," answered the doctor.

Back came the men, not a moment too soon—the water was getting uncomfortably warm.

"What did he say?—oh, what did he say?" cried everybody.

"To speak the truth, if she does not want to be boiled," answered the messengers.

"Oh, it burns!—I was never inside a kettle before!" squealed the Princess.

And there she was, standing on the floor like the rest, and quite cured of her love for uttering falsehoods. She has never told an untruth since.

Bx brave, be noble, be true, and you will pass through the coming years as through a white colonnade of monumental pillars.

To mingle the useful with the beautiful is the highest style of art. The one adds grace, the other value.

Time has delicate little waves; but the sharpest-cornered pebble, after all, becomes smooth and blunt therein at last.

THE CRIMSON SUIT.

A Fairy Story for Little Folks.

BY M. V. B.

Earl Botolf was old enough to go to Court; but his lordship was as poor as a mouse, and had no horse to ride or clothes to wear. In this perplexity, he walked out one night, thinking what on earth to do, and walked till he came to a shop, at the door of which stood a man.

"Would your lordship like a new suit?" asked the man. "We have one that will fit you to a T."

"No," answered Botolf. "I have no money."

"That makes not the least difference," answered the man. "You can have anything that may please you in my shop, on one condition."

"And what is that?" asked Botolf.

"That you shall wear the clothes that you may select for a year and a day."

"That is easily done," said the Earl. And going into the shop, he selected a magnificent suit of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold. On putting it on, he felt something rattle in his pocket, and took out a little ivory horse and twenty little ivory men. As soon as these touched the ground they began to grow, and the Earl found himself not only with a handsome suit, but with a fine horse and twenty followers.

All this time Earl Botolf wore the crimson velvet suit, as he had promised; for though he had tried to find the shop again, he had never succeeded.

"So the least I can do is to keep my promise, and wear the clothes for a year and a day."

By-and-by, however, his wife said to him: "My lord, why do you wear that crimson velvet suit? I am sick of seeing it."

The Earl made her some answer to divert her attention, but the Princess would talk about the suit. When she found that he paid no attention, she began to cry; then she pouted; then she coaxed.

To all this the Earl only said, "I have promised, and I must wear it."

"Fiddlestick!" cried the Princess. "Promised an old clothes man. So you can more for a tailor than you do for your wife."

"Seen?—why, wonderful things. We met a party of six white bears, who could talk, and I expect them every moment."

The King and Queen looked at each other; but, before they could make any remarks, six white bears entered the palace, and walked up to the Princess.

"We have come to dinner," said the biggest bear.

But the Princess was so frightened that she could not speak a word.

"We are hungry, too," said one of the other bears; while the rest growled, and looked ready to eat the Princess without salt or pepper.

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IN DREAM-LAND.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

All the sweet night that is faded and gone, From the blush of the eve till the break of the dawn,

In a garden of odor and blossom divine We met, in a vision, oh, lover of mine!

Around us the midnight lay starry and lone, With the breath of the sorrowful autumn's own,

But love in our hearts bloomed, a beautiful May

That was wind of the autumn could wither away!

Softly the dream-beauty covered thy face, As I leaned on thy breast in a thrilling embrace—

And our bosom blushed like a dawn-tinted rose,

In the flame of the wild heart that trembled below.

The soft light in thy sweetest of eyes— Oh, the sweet blushes, and kisses, and sighs—

And the red lips that blent like the hues of the wine,

In a rose-wreathed beaker of Bacchus divine.

The starlight has faded—the garden's o'er,

With the wind of the sunrise, and I am alone; But the kisses are burned on my heart and my brain,

And I drink their wild rapture again and again.

GENTLEMAN DICK;

OR,

The Cruise of the Dolphin!

A Story of Scenes and Adventures in the North Pacific.

By Captain Clewline.

[This serial was commenced in No. 13, Vol. 84. Back numbers can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXI.—(CONTINUED).

The Antelope sailed that night when the tide served, and was far out at sea when morning broke. Caspar Deane, going down into the hold to break out a water-cask, found a rough-looking man, hiding among the casks, and dragged him out. It was Hodgette Bates, who looked at him with a sly wink.

"All right, my son," he said. "Here stands the cowering culprit, and you'd better take me to the captain."

"Get up out of this," roared Deane, grasping the man by the collar of his coat.

Bates was dragged to the captain's cabin, and Deane reported where he had found him.

"Now, my man, what were you doing in the hold?" cried Dunlap.

"I'm being now quite determined to have her own way, she went to her father to complain of her husband's unkindness.

"Be patient," said the King. "He cannot refuse me."

So the next day he sent the Lord High Fiddlestick with ten wagon-loads of splendid garments.

"The King begs you will accept all these garments," said the Lord High Fiddlestick, "and send him in return that crimson velvet suit that you have worn now for nearly a year."

"I am very sorry," replied the Earl; "but the promise that I made in poverty will keep in prosperity. I cannot wear any other clothes."

"How did you get on deck without being seen?"

"Easy enough. Some one left a rope over the rail, and I got into the chains. After that the rest was easy."

"I don't like your looks at all, my man," said Dunlap, "but I am not going to turn back on your account, so I think that I will have you thrown overboard."

"Don't do that, cap. I am a sailor, if I do look rough, and I

The captain's boat headed a little to the right, still racing sharply with Dick. There was a wild flash in the young harpooner's eye, and a glutinous moisture on his lips, as he pulled. Every stroke was perfect; he seemed to be practising before a watch. His handsome face glowed with health, and as yet the terrible strain had not made him draw a quick breath. No need of that, when he could pull a four-mile race at his best speed, and come in as fresh as a daisy. When other men fainted from the strain upon their physical powers. Nearer and nearer they came to the flying whales, while the words of honest *ostendit* dropped from the lips of Weston, urging them to pull.

Dick was waiting for the word. He knew that the whale was not far off, but he would not turn his head, or allow one of his men to do so. He watched the face of the mate, and saw that it was hopeful and bright, and that was enough for him. He no longer saw the other boats nor the ship; it seemed to him that he was alone, with one object in view, to reach that whale and strike.

"Spring!" whispered the mate. "Spring, spring, lively, lively, spring. Hang on like grim death, and we win this heat. Pull, if you start everything. Draw her out of the water with your oars, but pull. For love, honor, and liberty, Gentleman Dick. I would not speak of fifty lucres to one like you, but start her for your honor. Take care, now. Stand up, harpooner."

At that word, for which he had waited so long and anxiously, up sprang Dick Fenton, and planted his foot upon the cleat. Under his forecastle, as it seemed, lay the father of all sperm whales, a great, wrinkled giant, larger than any one which Dick had seen during the cruise. "Moby Dick" himself, that giant cetacean, before whose processions, boats and men went down. Moby Dick, the giant white whale of the North Pacific. Moby Dick was not more of a patriarch than this giant, which lay under the harpoon of the young sailor. His hide was of a grayish black, encrusted with barnacles and other parasites, which can be found upon the bodies of most old whales, where they are as firmly fixed as on a rock. Over such a giant as this, for the first time, Dick Fenton raised his harpoon.

It was an hour to be marked with a white stone, and never to be forgotten. He had waited for this hour through all the months of his voyaging, and it had come at last.

The bright steel glistened in his hand as he raised it above his head, and his eyes were fixed upon the point where Tatty had so often told him to sink the harpoon. Every muscle seemed to turn to steel, so rigid did it become in the moment during which he poised the broad barb.

"A beam of light flashed from his hand and he dropped into his place in the bow of the boat, which shot back to a safe distance. Dick, looking over his shoulder, saw the broad dukes in the air, as the giant headed down into the sea, and as he looked he was satisfied.

He had done his work, for there, firmly fixed in the back of the whale, driven as deep as any harpooner could have done it, stood out eight inches of the shaft of the harpoon.

"Well done, Dick!" cried the mate. "I'll back you against the world now, for no man could do better. You can go home and say that you have done what few gentlemen have done, harpooned the biggest whale I ever saw in the North Pacific. Take a rest, lad; he's a big 'un, and will stay under half an hour."

The sperm whale has been known to sound for over an hour, but in most cases, the duration of his stay depends upon the manner in which the harpoon has been planted. Sometimes he is sulky, and lies far down in the sea, refusing to move his giant bulk, even when they drag at the line above, although this generally has the effect of making him rise to the surface. In this case the whale had been hit hard, but, sulky ferocious, he remained beneath the surface, full of impotent fury.

"He is rising," said the mate. "I change places, Dick."

They passed each other in the centre of the boat, and Dick began to coil away the line as the whale rose and the moment the gray back appeared, Weston sent his lance into it, bearing the weight of his body upon it. The boat flew back hastily, and it was well they did so, for the fury of the monster was beyond description. He dashed here and there, dragging the boat after him, and seemed to be searching for them.

"He acts like a fool," said Mr. Weston. "If he wants to claw us up, why don't he make a rush at us?"

For ten minutes the whale kept up this exercise, and then settled again, and the boat once more approached him, and the mate again planted the lance in his side, behind the dorsal fin. The huge mass again started, the boat receded before, and waited for his fury to subside.

"He dies hard," said the mate, as the whale was seen dashing madly to and fro, "but why he don't come at us I can't tell."

"I think I can tell you," said Dick, who had been looking closely at the whale, and had noticed something which the others had not noticed.

"And what is that?"

"He is blind, and for that reason it is hard for him to find us."

"Blind?"

It was true, the giant whale was blinded, but how?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Gossip.—We condemn gossip—scandal's twin sister—yet it is a fault easily committed. We begin by gentle depreciation to somebody's infirmity of temper, and we find ourselves specifying a particular time and scene, which straightway the one who hears tells again to some one else with additions, slight, perhaps, but material. Before we know it we have stirred up a hornet's nest. This may be done without any more potent motive than a mere love of fun, and half the gossip in the social world is of the unthanking kind, indulged in from a spirit of drollery. Far worse is that other sort of talk which ends in slander and begins in malice, and which separates friends and sanders the ties of years of intercourse with its sharp and jarring discord. The only way to avoid this evil is to refrain from making the affairs of our friends a staple article of conversation in the household. There are plenty of subjects at hand—let us avoid personalities.

THEY who would rule safely, must rule with love, not arms.



LOW PEOPLE—Dwarfs.
HUMANUS—A Boston boy.
A GREEN GROSER. One who trusts.
MONTANA is short of women now.
IGNORANCE is the wet nurse of prejudice.
WHICH times are the best? Mental times.
ONE bad thing about gold. Not having it.

ONE WAY to get a roaring trade is to buy a menagerie.

A FRIEND that sticks in prosperity and adversity—Mustage.

THE best way to rise in a lady's estimation is not by staves.

STANDING on the dentist's doorstep will often cure toothache.

A MAN cannot expect a half a loaf when he leaves all the time.

WHEN is money damp? When it is drowns in the morning and moist at night.

DO anything about the defendant strike your eye as remarkable?" asked a New York judge of the plaintiff in a case of assault and battery.

"It did, very honor."

"And what was it?" continued the judge.

"His fist, very honor."

A SUCCESSFUL CONUNDRUM.—"John has never given you a ring," said Katie's sister to her one day. John was Katie's lover.

"Never," said Katie, with a regretful shake of the head.

"And he never will until you ask him for it," returned the sister.

"Then I fear I shall never get one," was the reply.

Of course you never will. John is too stupid to think of such things, and you can never pluck up courage enough to ask for one; it follows that you'll never get one."

This set Katie to thinking, and to what purpose we shall see.

That evening her lover came to see her. He was very proud and happy, for the beautiful girl by his side had been for several weeks pledged to marry him as soon as the business could be properly done, and John was a grand good fellow, too, notwithstanding his obliviousness to certain polite manners.

"John," said Katie, at length, looking up with an innocent smile, "do you know what a conundrum is?"

"Why, it's a puzzle—a riddle," answered John.

"Do you think you could ask me one I could not guess?"

"I don't know. I have never thought of such things. Could you ask me one?"

"I could try."

"Well, try, Katie."

Then answer this—why is the letter D like a ring?"

John puzzled his brain over the problem for a long time, but was finally forced to give it up.

"I don't know, Katie. Why is it?"

"Because," replied the maiden, with a very soft blush creeping up to her temples, "we cannot be wed without it."

In less than a week from that day Katie had her engagement ring.



[Communications intended for publication in this department should be addressed to care of EDITOR SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia.]

DIAMOND PUZZLES.

1. A consonant. 2. To decay. 3. A sweetmeat. 4. A capital of one of the United States. 5. A color. 6. Anger. 7. A consonant. Centrals form a capital of one of the United States.

LITTLE ONE.

1. A consonant. 2. A personal pronoun. 3. An empress. 4. An insect. 5. A vowel. Centrals form an empire.

A CENTRAL PUZZLE.

1. An animal. 2. A piece of ground. 3. Anger. 4. I partook of food. 5. Color. 6. Advanced life. 7. A sort of preserve. 8. A sort of liquor. All the above are words of three letters, and the centrals form a rich country.

LITTLE ONE.

LOGOGRAPHES.

What word is that implies much sorrow, despair and gloom, no joyful morn?

Clouds now surround our way.

Add one letter, thus arranged,

To sunshine all the gloom is changed;

Love things its brightest ray.

Yes, pain to pleasure now gives place,

And fondest smiles light up the face.

B. A. L.

My whole it is to join together—

It's but a simple riddle;

For while you always lead the way,

I am always in the middle.

W. TYRELL.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is it better to have friends than to want them?

2. Why is China a desirable country for a lady to select a husband in?

3. What sweetens the cup of life, yet divests of its end, embitters a grateful draught?

Answers to the above will be given in No. 25.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx," No. 17, Vol. 54.

ENIGMAS.—1. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. 2. Sovereign.

3. Fashion.

SCARCE WORDS.—

1. E T N A 2. J O H N

3. T U A M 4. O H I O

5. N A M E 6. H I S S

7. A M E N 8. N O S E

3. 4.

5. B A T H 6. I S I S

7. A G R A 8. S I D E

9. T R I M 10. I D E A

11. H A M E 12. S E A T

CHARADE.—Cork-screw.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Because it covers the belly. 2. Warren wrote "Now and Then"; Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning"; Dickens wrote "All the Year Round." 3. Because it contains foul-in-pieces.

THEY who would rule safely, must rule with love, not arms.

ASPIRE!

BY R. JERRING.

Press on, with purpose pure,
Nor cast one look behind;
A man's life is but a mind
With youthful love that shall endure.

There's not a height by man yet gain'd,
But shows another height to win;

There's not a truth by man maintain'd,
But bears some greater truth within.

Oh, seek the good and great,
Man's mission on the earth;

It is a mission from the earth;

Not though he ever in real estate,

Or wild world, tamely lingering, see

Such boundless prospects for the mind,
And clinging to mortality.

But giddy such be left behind?

Aspire to better deeds!

With hope and enterprize,

Let us all live, Bill your mind,

And ever haste when duty leads.

Man's holy mind, if trained bright,

To such a height of worth would grow,

That spirit parts are angels bright,

Might mingle with us here below.

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE;

OR,

The Stolen Heiress!

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S VOW," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 5, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SOME OLD CHARACTERS UNDER NEW BRONZING, AND HOW THEY ARE COMING.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOW WALTER HAD KEPT HIS PROMISE.

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HOW WALTER HAD KEPT HIS PROMISE.</p

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

perched the boy, indignantly. "And didn't you see that long-nosed Master Birch whack young Trigg over the head with the ruler to-day?"

"Yes; but Carroll Trigg was laughing, and wouldn't get his lesson," explained Walter, eagerly. "And he was very rude to Mr. Birch."

"Rude! Of course he was. Who would take the trouble to be polite to such a shoddy? If I had had my pistol I would have shot him. Are you going?"

"Oh, no," replied Walter, frankly. "I like here, and I am going to stay all my life."

"Then you are a dirty, beggar's brat, and have been used to nothing," returned the young swell, contemptuously. "I shall write to mamma once to come for me, and if she don't, I'll bolt."

And Walter crawled into his bed, lying awake to speculate what this small gentleman had been "used to," that he did not like his present quarters.

The teachers had informed him of the nature of his obligation to Mr. Leslie, and how incumbent upon him it was to work to the extent of his ability, and after that he very rarely took part in any of the games, even at recess or in the afternoon, and he went to the gymnasium only when commanded to do so. He dressed well; and soon stood unchangedly at the head of his class. He had never thought of assuming any superiority on this account. And in like manner no idea had ever been awakened in his mind as to why he might not be the veriest aristocrat in school.

The true story of Cecil Dupre's mother had never been divulged here. To free Eugene had been all that Philip Danvers had asked, and when this was done, he naturally preferred for all their sakes that her evil record should perish with her. Her friends had all followed her to the grave under the impression that her mind had been destroyed by the cruel kidnapping of her only child, and that, unconscious of what she did, her life had been sacrificed to this bitter grief, so that not only a full condonation but a generous sympathy had been accorded her. And Cecil on his return had found himself suddenly a hero. The child of a distinguished French officer, and stepson of Eugene Danvers. He could have had no finer passport into the very best society than this. Eugene had died without a will, but had requested his father to bestow upon Cecil the hundred thousand dollars that had belonged exclusively to himself, when he should have attained his twenty-fifth year. Until then, as the boy had manifested many symptoms of unreliability and wildness, Mr. Danvers himself should direct his education and pursuits, and Cecil had chanced to be placed at the same school with Walter Ward. They were, perhaps, about the same age, though Cecil was the larger of the two, and his wonderful beauty, and really princely bearing, had inspired his fellows with a veneration rarely elicited by the most favored hero of school life.

He had seen Walter once at Mr. Leslie's house, had heard the story of his life, and recognizing him here, had begun one day in the gymnasium to question him rather sneakingly, in the presence of a number of boys, about his parents.

Walter responded civilly at first, stating ingenuously that he had never known either father or mother, when a coarse jest from young Dupre reached his ear, and the sense of it, with his acquired information, flashed upon him for the first time. Before the other could have the slightest intimation of any hostile intention, he had sprung upon him with the fierceness of a tiger, and struck him so fell a blow with the weights he chanced to have in his hands, that Cecil at once measured his length upon the floor. Not satisfied with this, Walter leaped upon his prostrate body, and might have inflicted some fatal injury upon his adversary, had not the bystanders interceded to prevent him, crying out: "For shame! for shame! Throw the iron away, or you will kill him! Have fair play!" At this the weights had been hurled away, but when Cecil arose, declaring, wrathfully, that the fight should not end here, he had closed with him in a hand to hand contest. Over and over they had it now, Cecil foaming in his haughty assumption of pride, and tearing at the hair and eyes of his nameless opponent.

"You dirty, abominable bastard! to have the insolence to strike me, because a gentleman picked you up out of the fifth of the street, and placed you here that you might learn how to black his shoes instead of his face when he ordered you. I shall kill you for this!"

Not so contemptible but that Cecil put a mark upon his ear with his teeth, that may be seen to this day; but the smaller pugilist dealt such steady blows upon temple and chest, that young Dupre at last lay insensible upon the floor. The beholders now, for the first time, seriously alarmed, drew the frenzied assailant away, and rushed out for assistance.

Walter was arraigned before the high tribunal of the establishment, and suspended from his duties for the remainder of the term. Mr. Leslie called in some surprise and indignation at the boy, had a long talk with him, during which Walter told his own story, interrupted by hot, passionate tears, and placed him at another school. The reports of him here were again most favorable. Mr. Leslie, himself, at the end of another year, was astonished at the successful examination sustained by the quick, large-eyed, well-mannered boy, whom he could scarcely believe to be the same person whose destiny he had at first attempted to shape with so little promise of success.

Evelyn had come with her father to the examination, and Mr. Leslie took the boy home with him, that he might have leisure to study this unfolding mind and character in the two months' vacation that ensued.

That he was pleased beyond his most sanguine expectations was quite evident from the additional instructions given on bringing him back to the college.

"His predominant talent is for mathematics," said the professor. "He would make a good engineer, or, perhaps, a successful financier."

"Let his pursuits be as regular and systematic as possible," replied Mr. Leslie, "that when the time comes he may be ready for any opening in life that may present itself. I have no son living. You will please regard him as such while under your charge, and treat him accordingly."

In the short two months passed in Mr. Leslie's house, Walter's character had been fixed beyond the control of all extraneous circumstances, for life.

At the close of the next scholastic year, Rochester Leslie received a firm but very grateful letter from the young

student, entreating him to own the long list of favors he had done him, by finding him some employment, however humble it might be. The professor had declared him now prepared to earn a livelihood by his own exertions, and the sense of his obligations was so great that he could not, in justice to himself or his munificent patron, remain longer a trespasser upon his bounty at the expensive institution which he had been attending, and had enclosed him a certificate of recommendation from the faculty.

Mr. Leslie, responding in person, urged upon the young man the advantages resulting from a thorough and comprehensive education, and informed him that he wished him to go on a matter of business for the present to Cuba. He had been requested to send a thoroughly responsible business man, and had selected Walter.

"Your instructors assure me that you can attend to my affairs there with perfect readiness. And on your return I desire you to enter the University of Princeton for the next three years. You can then," continued his benefactor, "take a position with me, or elsewhere; when you can easily repay me in money, if you will, and still suffer me to remain your happy debtor, in the conviction that I have aided you to become the man I desire you to be."

The commission to Cuba was executed, during the summer, to the entire satisfaction of all parties, and Walter returned promptly. It had been believed that Mrs. Leslie had looked with less favor upon the youth than either her husband or daughter had done; but she had now been in Europe for some months, where the father had left her for a while with Evelyn, whom they had taken over to complete her education; and Walter proceeded at once to Princeton, as had been arranged.

Leaving the walls of this *alma mater* of learning at last, with credentials such as only a fortunate few of our young men obtain here, he still expressed his preference for a mercantile life, and was received into the house of "Danvers & Leslie." Mr. Leslie now crossed the ocean to join his wife and daughter, the latter having fulfilled all the promise of her childhood, as a beautiful and accomplished young lady.

Mr. Leslie had likewise a branch house in Brussels. And as some business entanglements threatened to monopolize more of his time than he cared to devote to so serious pursuits in person, he wrote Mr. Vance to post the readiest employee with the necessary details, and send him over at the earliest possible date.

While Mr. Leslie sighed wearily, without a hope of relief in many weeks to come, Walter Ward entered his counting-room at Brussels; and the former, delighted beyond measure, invited his young protege, who now really presented a strikingly distinguished appearance, to drink wine at his Belgian villa with his family. Mrs. Leslie, seeming to have forgotten her old prejudice, was charmingly affable, and Evelyn resplendent in her youth and beauty. These young people shook hands cordially at a first glance.

"Why," laughed Mrs. Leslie, "I had paused to see you look at each other as entire strangers."

Each of them declared the other unchanged; while in justice to Walter, we must confess that few human beings in our life had ever undergone a more complete metamorphosis. Evelyn sang and played to him divinely on harp and piano, and he understood and repeated the divinest sentiments with her. And the next day he drove with them, after business hours, and played croquet with her on their return. She had the same old childish, irresistible frankness of manner; and the young man's color came and went strangely as he looked at her.

"Come in, Mr. Ward," said Mr. Leslie, rising to meet him. "I was under the impression that you were acquainted with Mr. Cecil Dupre, a countryman of yours, as you may remember."

The young men eyed each other for an instant; Dupre, smiling and self-possessed, was the first to speak.

"Mr. Ward, I entreat your friendly greeting to-day. You are the same, I see, who once, as a small boy, gave me as severe a thrashing as another boy ever received. Had your history been unknown to me, I would have staked my affidavit that you had been apprenticed to a blacksmith; for forger's hammer scarcely ever fell with more crushing effect upon anvil, than did your fist about my cranium and chest."

"And I, too," replied Walter, with a smile as haughty as his own, while Evelyn's poodle fawned at his feet: "I, too, have not forgotten (Miss Leslie, does this small dog of yours bite?" that I am indebted to you, Mr. Dupre, for one of the most salutary lessons of my life."

The ladies looking surprised, Cecil explained, with abundant show of credit to Walter, the story of their old battle, which Mr. Leslie had quite forgotten. Amid the general laughter, Mrs. Leslie drew Walter aside, and engaged him in a lengthy discussion.

"As you are almost a son to us," she said, at last, "I may confide to you that young Mr. Dupre is a suitor for my daughter's hand. He has just left college in Germany, and in two years will come into possession of a handsome property. Besides which, as poor Eugene left no children of his own, Mr. Danvers will, of course, make him his heir. I find the sly fellow has been talking love to her since they were quite children; so I suppose we shall have to give our consent."

On this evening Walter left early, and afterwards his business kept him more closely at his hotel.

Mr. Leslie and his family returned to New York some months before young Ward could complete his business arrangements. When he did come over at last, he was welcomed both by Mr. Danvers and Rochester Leslie with every mark of confidence. His aptness had been the theme of universal comment at home and abroad. Mr. Leslie renewed invitations, and Walter continued to call, now and then, at the old residence on Fifth avenue.

Cecil Dupre had been reported a little wild on the continent; and Philip Danvers, ever a thoroughly practical man, had sent for him home.

"I shall put him to work," he said, "and Rochester Leslie will then have an

opportunity to find out the stuff of which he is made. I shall try him, for the next two years, upon the same salary we pay young Ward; and if he doesn't sober down, I'll cut him off without a shilling of my money, let him marry Leslie's daughter when he will."

Cecil Dupre came home, and to all appearances was "sobering down" in good earnest; but he was far from being a business man, as the most lenient of his friends were forced to declare, while Mr. Danvers, who did not think that the best of young men could be worked too much, was forming anything but a favorable impression of his adopted step-son.

Rochester Leslie had more sympathy with the foibles of youth, and had an interview with Mr. Danvers, with a view to ascertain that gentleman's intentions with regard to young Dupre, and to establish the understanding between Cecil and his daughter upon some sure basis.

Mr. Danvers informed him that the young man would come into possession of his son's property in rather more than a year, but for his own, he was not at all decided as to its disposal.

Mr. Leslie was not entirely pleased, and was even disposed to sympathize with young Dupre as something hardly dealt by, and had given his consent in due form to the latter's marriage with his daughter on Cecil's coming into his property. And thus matters were standing on the day Walter Ward presented himself at Rochester Leslie's door, and was shown by the gentleman usher into his presence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

NO. 7.—THE FATAL ENCOUNTER.

"There is the spot, just where you see the cleft in the rock. It was from that point my noble master met his death, a little more than twenty-five years ago."

The speaker was a gray-headed man, an old servitor in the family of Lord Rosenstein.

"Merry on us!" exclaimed his companion. "I shudder when I look over the precipice into the gulf beneath. What a fearful height! His death must have been instantaneous. Was it accidental?"

"That no mortal will ever know," interrupted the old man. "His body was found by some shepherds at the base of the cliffs, early on the following morn, it's a dreadful story, which will be told by father to son for generations to come."

"You must narrate it to me. Come, my friend, let us return," said the younger of the two. "After a deep draught of good Rhenish wine, you will be in better trim to relate the melancholy history."

The speaker and his companion descended the mountain, and eventually succeeded in reaching the little town of Braubach, they entered a neat, small house by the water side. After partaking of a light repast, which they washed down with sundry glasses of wine, the two companions managed to shake off the sense of weariness and depression which both had felt an hour or so before.

"You have seen every nook and cranny of the castle, sir," observed the old man. "It's a brave old place, isn't it?"

"Without a doubt."

"And you have asked me to tell you how it came to pass of the Rosenstein family. You will not be surprised that it should have done so, when you know all. You must understand that I was a page in the service of the late Count Rosenstein at the time the occurrence took place which I am now about to narrate. My master was a brave and honorable gentleman, albeit he was headstrong, impetuous, and easily moved to anger, and was, withal, jealous to a fault. Small wonder at that, you will say, when I tell you that my lady was the most beautiful and accomplished woman of her day.

"Captain Kehlner immediately lowered the point of his weapon, and bade him rise.

"Struck with the captain's generosity, I advanced, in the hope of effecting a reconciliation."

"Gentlemen," I ejaculated, "I trust you will pardon my interference; but consider for a moment. Cannot the master be now arranged amicably and honorably to both parties?"

"Silence, Herman!" exclaimed my master.

"The young man means well," observed the younger. But his words fall upon the ear of one who is blinded with passion.

"If you are content to go forth to the world branded as a coward, mount your horse and away at once," answered the count, with bitterness.

"Not another word passed; but the combat was renewed with redoubled fury. So quick, indeed, were the movements of both parties, that I was hardly able to follow them. At the end of a series of savage thrusts on both sides, Count Rosenstein parried a lunge of his adversary in such a manner as to leave the whole of the captain's body unprotected. He then lunged in return, and the next moment Captain Kehlner was lying prostrate.

"At a sign from my master, I threw the bridles of the horses over a low bough, and hastened at once to the spot where the wounded officer lay.

"The fallen man had by this time raised himself upon one arm; his countenance was deathly pale; but he spoke not a word. I looked at the count, and said, in a whisper:

"Shall I run for assistance—for a leech?"

"He shook his head, and said:

"I fear he is past all surgery. Remain here."

"Speak for mercy's sake, speak, Captain Kehlner!" I ejaculated, in a tone of agony.

"He will never speak more!" said the count.

"With a single groan, the captain fell back."

"The remembrance of that awful scene will remain with me to the end of my days. We stood for some time contemplating the rigid features of the slain man. I felt assured that his career was at an end; and, after a long and painful pause, my master bent over him, and fully perused its contents; then, turning towards me, he said:

"I presume, young man, you know why you have been sent hither?"

"Although I strongly suspected the nature of my errand, I deemed it most prudent to answer in the negative."

"The captain bit his lips with vexation."

"Umph!" he at length ejaculated. "Your master, the count, has his own way of conducting affairs of this sort, which, to say the least of it, is not a very courteous one. But no matter. You may tell him that I accept his invitation—though it will suffice. He will be able to dispense with ceremony. Say, therefore, that I accept his invitation unconditionally."

"I returned to the Castle of Marks-

burgh."

"The count waited for an opportu-

nity to converse with me alone. When

the countess had retired to her own

apartments, he asked me if I had an answer to his note.

"Only a verbal one, my lord," said I.

"Upon this he sent away his little girl, who was by his side, and I gave him an account of all that had passed.

"Thou hast done well, Herman. I observed my master. "I shall need your services this evening; be in readiness to accompany me at eight o'clock."

"I did not know precisely what I was needed for, but had, of course, no other alternative than to obey; so when it drew near the appointed hour I slipped unobserved into the library. The count was engaged with a notary, who handed him several papers to sign. He went through these formalities with the utmost composure, bidding me wait in the ante-room till they were concluded. He then joined me, and we both sailed forth, and made direct for a grove of trees on the borders of the Rhine. The place was well known to both of us as being a lonely and unfrequented spot. I began to fully comprehend the object of our visit, and had some serious misgivings as to the result.

My master was an accomplished swordsman, well versed in the use of his weapon; and the knowledge of this fact made me feel confident that he would prove the victor.

"In less than a quarter of an hour after our arrival Captain Kehlner presented himself. He bowed coldly to the count, and said, "In obedience to your written instructions, sir, I have come hither unattended; but I see you have a companion."

"He is a young man of honor and probity," returned the count.

"Let him remain, by all means; let me learn all. It is essential I should know."

"We buried the dead captain beneath the trees, within a few paces of the spot where he had fallen. But, ah! young gentleman, we could not bury the remains of what took place on that fatal night. We returned to Marksburgh. I could not help remarking that Count Rosenstein appeared restless and troubled. He shut himself up in the library, and seemed to avoid the presence of his wife. Three days after the deed, he called me to his side, and said, in a low whisper:

"Herman, the spirit of the dead man has appeared to me."

"I started back, and regarded him with a look of incredulity.

"It is true," he murmured. "The dead man has twice

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

(December 12, 1875.)



(Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Postmaster" SATURDAY EVENING POST.)

"Why is it that you ladies are ready always to adopt absurd fashions, and so loth to use sensible ones?" asked a wise paternofilia of us the other day. Righteous wrath filled our soul at so sweeping a blow at the good taste and sense of our sex, and evidenced itself in our indignant refutation of the charge; but as is usual in such cases, it only provoked an argument, and beaped upon our devoted head additional proofs of the weakness of our sex in matters of dress, as received from the masculine standpoint of observation. "Just see those long trains sweeping up the mud and dust of the streets. Look," and with scornful finger he pointed to a fair belle just crossing the street, with her silken train following her, heavy with mud, etc. "Now do you call that good taste? I think it is not neat, which is going a step farther."

Being of the feminine gender we did not "give in," you may be sure, fair friends, but to you we will privately confess that at the end of the argument, we found in our secret heart that there was a conviction that our opponent had the best of the discussion, and was right in his assertions.

Often in these columns we have urged the adoption of the round skirt, just clearing the ground, which is universally used by our sensible English sisters for the promenade, and also by the more stylish Parisienne dame.

Many think because the leading figures in so many of the fashion plates from abroad are represented with skirts either long or domino-like, that the style for all toilettes. Here is a great mistake. The figures in the colored fashion plates, for the most part, represent dinner, reception, or carriage costumes. Advices from Paris assure us that the walking dresses there are made just to clear the ground. We feel called upon to allude to this matter, because we notice the almost universal custom here prevalent of wearing demi-trains for the street.

We have just seen so charming a toilette for the promenade, that we feel sure when our fair readers adopt our description of it, they will surely adopt it for a model by which to fashion their winter costumes for the street. It was of sea blue silk and striped cashmere de l'Inde, the underskirt of the silk just clearing the ground all round. A deep flounce, scalloped around the lower edge, was placed entirely round the skirt, above that a knife edge pleating, six inches deep. In front a second flounce, of the same depth as the lower one, differing from it in the fact that it was cut in deep points, and afterwards the points themselves were scalloped and bound, and fell over the lower flounce. Above, were two graduated pleatings, the first six inches deep, the second four, headed by two bias folds.

The overskirt was of cercu cashmere de l'Inde, striped longitudinally with bands of blue the same shade as the underskirt, and each an inch wide. It was of the deep round apron form, drawn up towards the back in upturned folds, and trimmed with a knife-edge pleating of silk like the underskirt, about six inches deep. A long sash with double loops and fringed ends completed the back. A plain tight fitting basque, short upon the hips and long in the back and front, corded with silk, and with large square pockets and cuffs of silk, also round collar and revers of the same, completed the costume.

The basque was double-breasted, and fastened at the left side.

Hat of gray felt with rim upturned all round, scarf of silk loosely twisted and knotted, with ends hanging down behind, tufts of gray tips and a blue shaded bird completed this charming toilette.

A dress for dinner or receptions was of steel gray Irish poplin, very long train—the front breadth trimmed with a bias flounce and standing ruffle—the latter bound on the upper edge with a bias of black velvet. The back breadths were perfectly plain, and put on with an immense box plait. A long, very long apron overskirt, quite full and looped towards the back in many loose folds, finished by a black velvet sash with loops and long ends, pointed and trimmed with deep silk fringe. The novelty of the skirt trimming consisted in two pieces for each side, reaching from the waist to the bottom of the dress, about twelve inches wide, composed of alternate rows of black velvet, cut bias and five or six inches in depth, and a knife edge pleating of the poplin eight inches deep. These pieces were adjustable, and were attached to a band or belt, which passed around the waist, and was intended to be put on after the overskirt. They had a hook or two which could be fastened in loops cunningly disposed down the sides of the underskirt. The effect was extremely novel and effective.

The basque was full at the back—so rather the skirts of it were—and disposed in plait above the tourment. Three bias bands of velvet passed over the shoulders, forming bretelles, and ended in six tabs pointed and trimmed with fringe to match the sash. The sleeves were half tight, fitting to the elbow, falling in flounce in two pleated frills. A band of velvet covered the part where the frills joined the rest of the sleeve, and a bow and ends of the velvet hung from the outer seam. A small standing collar of velvet, and velvet buttons finished the front of the corsage.

We are all right here, Doc," said Abel, "and I'd go among these people as I would among my own in the States, and feel safe. But when we get among the man-eaters up to the southard, we've got to look sharp, I tell you. Just look at the critters; how they swarm along the beach?" But why they don't come off and talk to us, I don't know, for I never was in this lagune for five minutes before without having them swarming all over the ship."

"They do seem shy," replied Captain Manly. "I hope no one has been before us and played them any tricks."

"Here is a kauapa, anyhow," said Abel, pointing to a large war canoe which was shooting up the lagune. "Nothing except warriors in it, either. Don't this seem a trifle equally to you, Cap?"

"Give every man pistols," replied Manly, quietly. "If they mean mischief we will fix them for it."

It is said that the style of arranging

the hair, hanging loosely in a fine net, so popular a year or two ago, has been revived abroad for schoolgirls and misses yet in their teens. Sometimes a ribbon, bias or saucier or black, is tied loosely around it, just half-way down, much as the ribbon is worn around the Cadogan braid, only not so tightly tied. A picture-like style for blonde locks is to have three full, heavy curly hanging behind, and tied together low down with a ribbon-puff and rolls for the top of the head. A bow or rosette of ribbon and lace, or else black velvet, often worn just on top of the head.

The high, full ruffles of tulie, fine Swiss, and French muslin, are still worn. Round standing collars of linen, plain, or striped with a color, are very much in vogue for morning wear.

We saw the jaunniest little hat for a little girl. It was of fine dark felt, with a high crown and upturned brim. A scarf of plaided India silk was loosely twisted about the crown, and tied in a bow behind. An aigrette of white heron feathers and a shaded green wing, were placed at the left of the front.

For full dress nothing is more stylish than the double ruffles of Valenciennes, ending in a jabot, or a combination of the same lace with fine sheer Swiss muslin.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. AND R.—The English walking jacket is still worn, though longer than those of last season. "Violine" is a dark shade of purple.

Mrs. L. L. M.—A gray Irish poplin will be very handsome and appropriate for "the occasion." If you prefer to be married in traveling costume, we would advise gray in preference to any other shade of color. Your bonnet should be of the same tint as your dress; trim with velvet a shade darker, and ostrich tips.

LILY B.—We cannot consistently recommend the cosmetic you mention, for the reason that we are ignorant of its component parts; also, we are ignorant of cosmetics, unless of the simplest nature. The only one we ever heard recommended by a physician was horseradish scraped and mingled with milk. Apply at night. Exercise and proper diet will do more for your complexion than all the "lotions" and "balms" in creation.

WINTER IS COMING.

Old Winter is coming—he's ready to start From his home on the mountains afar, He shrankens and pale—he looks frost to the heart, And now wreaths embellish his car.

Old Winter is coming—all strip the groves, The passage bird hastens away, To the lovely blue South, like the tourist, he roves,

And returns like the sunshine in May.

Old Winter is coming—he'll breathe on the earth, And in one of his petric breaths Will seal up the waters till, in the moonbeam, They lay stirless as slumber or death.

Old Winter is coming—from the genius, Jack Frost, Fine drawings of mountain, stream, tower, and tree.

Framed and glazed, too, without any cost, Old Winter is coming—I charge you again—Muff warm—of the tyrant beware—He's so brave, that to strike the young hero he's tame.

He's so cold he'll not favor the fair.

Old Winter is coming—I've said so before—Now I've come I've not much else to say: You will come, and God help the poor! I wish it was going away.

THE FOUL ANCHOR.

By C. D. CLARK.

It is a little golden emblem, no larger than the one seen upon the shoulder-straps of a naval officer. A toy of small value, in a pecuniary sense, and yet it has been the price of two precious lives. Let me tell its story as you look at it.

There is a spot upon the anchor which has never been washed away. I would not permit it to be done, for it is the blood of a true man who died for his kind—the blood of Abel Stearns.

He was a sailor, first mate of the Vespa, a ship which traded among the Marquesas for palm oil and precious woods. A great, strong, earnest worker; a man of the people, who loved his fellow man, and believed that man should lay his own life down to save one which he regarded as more precious than his own.

The moment I saw that bronzed, bearded face, and met that kindly smile, I liked Abel, and he was taken by me, and, to use his own quaint phrase, "cottoned to me" on the spot. Captain Manly, of the Vespa, was an old school friend, and had asked me to take a voyage with him, as surgeon of his ship, after years of hard work in my profession had worn me out. I was glad to go, for I had few home ties, and longed to explore the beautiful islands and lagunes of the South Pacific.

Abel had not been at sea a month, when Abel and I were fast friends. He taught me his hardly acquired knowledge of sailors' lore, and by the time we had rounded the Horn, and were heading up for the islands, I was something of a sailor. I could go up to the tops like a cat, and swim like a fish.

The village lay before us, the white huts gleaming amid the breadfruit and palm trees. An earthly paradise, such as we never see except in the tropical islands of the south. Behind us came the population of the village, a riotous group, eager to see the strange white men. One of the women, the most beautiful of the village, was the most timid. She had tanned her skin to a dark tan, and her hair was a dark brown. Her eyes were dark, and her skin was dark, and she was a dark-skinned girl.

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